The Zombies

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/12769173.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV), iZombie (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Will is now a Zombie, but don't know it, Hannibal is a Cannibal, Hannibal Loves Will, Human meat feeding, AU - iZombie, Just for the zombies description and characteristics
Language:	English
Series:	Part 24 of Inktober - PostApo [OneShots]
Stats:	Published: 2017-11-19 Words: 672 Chapters: 1/1

The Zombies

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Summary

Will got bitten while attempting to save people on a boat and woke up a bit different. Every food is like ash for him.

Will had not been on the party boat where the epidemic had begun, he had not taken the mix that all the other had before turning. No, his turn had been mostly bad luck and unfortunate turn of event. Early in the morning he had took his boat to go fishing. He had navigated in the lake some time before finding the party boat. Everything on it seemed dead, not a sound coming for the boat. He probably should not have quit his own boat to investigate. He had climb on it, only to find an apocalyptic vision: bodies everywhere, blood by gallons and a fire that at stated in the cabins. He should have gone back at this instant, but no, his instinct was to help. So, he went from corps to corps trying to see if anyone was alive. He was leaning over a corps when it raised, going stray to his arm with its teeth, breaking the skin. He had hit it in the head, hard enough to make it fall back and had gone home as quick as possible.

The bite mark was unclean, the woman had not cut the skin but tear it apart. It would not stop to bleed so Will bandaged his arm and took a large glass of whiskey to make the pain disappear and went stray to bed. He slept for twenty hours stray, missing his alarm for the morning and then his clue to leave for work.

When he woke up the next day, he had lost his brown curls, all his hairs had turned white, his skin felt papery and abnormally white and he had shadows under his eyes more than after a week on a case. But he had dismissed it, had just stop at the shop on the way to die his hair, he did not know what had cause it but he was not in the mood to take care of it now.

He started to feel sick right after lunch, the food had tasted like ash and he had thrown it before finishing it. He then had feel more and more sick during the day and more and more famish, but nothing had flavour only ashy taste and retch for him. But he managed to live through the day. He had a diner plan at Hannibal's place and he was not willing to miss it.

He had managed to get to Hannibal's in time with an excuse to his current state. "Do not worry I did something quite light for starter" had said Hannibal with that smile meaning there was more than what he was saying. But, Will was sick and had not time to confront the man on it this time. He sat at the table, waiting for Hannibal to serve the dish, he was not feeling to help Hannibal in the kitchen that time. Hannibal came back on the room to plate in his hands: "Cervelas au lard et salade de betteraves frites". It was a dish of small pink looking sausages and fried beetroots.

"Bon appetite!" they said at the same time before starting to eat. Will was the first to start his plate, going for a piece of sausage with a bit of apprehension fearing to fell sick as the last time. He did not see the look on Hannibal face as he was putting it in his mouth. It was good, in fact it was feeling like the best thing he had taste in ages. He tried the salad, but once again the ashy taste was overpowering. He went back rapidly to the cervelas. "What are they?" he asked to Hannibal. The smile on the man face was predatory when he replied: "They are sausages made out of brain and saffron." Will could not taste the saffron, so it was not it. Hannibal let a bit a time pass before adding "Human brain in fact, from what you said I was thinking it could help you. It appear that I was right."

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